

# Good Morning

61

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

"COME to Britain" is, it was promised in the House of Lords, going to be the watchword after this war. Of several outstanding points stressed by members on this vital matter I quote four:—

Lord Illife said that before the war about 1,900,000 foreign visitors went to France each year and about 1,200,000 to Germany. Only 600,000 came to Britain. In 1929 the expenditure of tourists in France was £100,000,000, equal to one-third of the total French budget of the year.

Lord Gifford said nothing drove overseas tourists away quicker than that rumour or gossip which spread so quickly that the hotels in a particular country did not give good service.

Lord Hemingford said the new modern road-houses in Britain would play an important part in the tourist trade after the war.

Regarding gratuities, he said he had it on good authority that the head cloak-room waiter in one London hotel received in tips as much as £140 a week.

"It would make some of your Lordships' mouths water and wish you had taken up a position of this kind," he added.

Viscount Bennett, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, said: "No trade can give a greater return to this country after the war than the tourist trade."

P.S.—These and all Parliamentary debates may be purchased at H.M. Stationery Office daily for sixpence. Few people realise that Hansard's report, printed nightly, gives verbatim reports on all Houses.

I WENT to the "Prospect of Whitty" at Wapping to write the story of this celebrated tavern. However, instead of talking about history I talked about football; the only dates I spoke of were of international Soccer matches and cup-ties.



DANNY SHEA

I met Danny Shea, the Fulham star, who was transferred to Clapton Orient and later moved on to Coventry City and Blackburn Rovers. He took me

## AN EARLY BRIDGE

One of the oldest bridges in Britain is this primitive crossing of the River Dart, at Postbridge, Devon. It is formed of three great slabs of rock on stone pillars. Nowadays it is only used by holiday makers and photographers. You'll find some curious bridges on Page 4.



## FORMULA FOR FAME AS TOLD BY BOB HOPE

OVER HERE.

IN England again are Bob Hope (The Great), Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels.

For the benefit of some of his many imitators, I print the formula that made, and keeps, Bob famous.

"Get a good formula and stick to it," says Hope. "In my case I use smart cracks in an opening monologue; then an intimate dialogue with a guest star, and I usually wind up with broader humour in the form of a character I portray, usually something that fits in with the times."

"Be topical," he adds. "Get some wisecracks across concerning daily events. If you are the star of the radio show, be sure you are the butt of some of your gags. If you are broadcasting in front of a crowd of Servicemen, make certain that you have some gags about tough sergeants. The men like this, even though they respect their superiors."

"Don't try to carry the whole show yourself. Give somebody else a chance."

"You must have good stooges. If you have an orchestra leader, make sure he can read comedy lines."

"Be informal at all times, and make the audience feel that the radio cast is having a good time."

"Last, but not least, don't take yourself too seriously, and don't be funny all the time."

O! I TOLD you they were coming! And here they are—Flanagan and Allen in "Hi-De-Hi," at the Palace Theatre.

Also in the gang Jack Hylton has Florence Desmond, of course, and "Monsieur" Eddie Gray.



Do you like clowning a la Crazy Gang? No? Then surely you will go for Florence's new historical impersonations. What? You don't like that either?

O.K! Then what about a teeniest weeniest flavour of opera in the shows of Gwen Catley? Yes? I knew it! Now you approve I'll tell you more. She sings a couple of arias and some light classical songs.

PARAMOUNT announces that the release title of the new Preston Sturges picture will be "Triumph Over Pain."

This is the thrilling story of the Boston dentist who played such an important part in the early use of anaesthesia, and the leading roles are played by Joel McCrea, Betty Field and Harry Carey.



BOB, BEBE AND BEN.

U.S.A. HIT HERE.

THE Mountains of Mourne provide the background of Paul Vincent Carroll's New York hit, "Shadow and Substance," at the Duke of York Theatre, London.

Malcolm Keen plays the main part in the character of the austere Canon Skerritt, and his shy young servant, Brigid, is played by Joyce Redman.



MISS JOYCE REDMAN

Voted in U.S.A. as being the biggest show hit of the year, it has every chance of becoming equally popular here. It is an altogether enjoyable show, and, on the whole, very well put on and acted.

UNITED ARTISTS PRESENT...

"THE Crystal Ball." Now, you might have seen this, but if you haven't, put your bonnet on and go to town. If you can pick a time when you're all fed up, so much the better, 'cos this is strictly for fun and laughs.

Toni Gerard is a red-head from Texas, she's just lost out in a beauty contest, didn't want to go home, down to her last cent, and alone in New York; but Toni is Paulette Goddard (or vice versa), and that makes everything promising. What does a gal do at such a time? Well, this gal dropped into Madame Zenobia's fortune-telling parlour, and... then comes real complications — blondes, red heads, husbands and all.

I'll leave you to figure it all out, but I'll go so far as to give you the tip not to bet on blondes—in this instance, anyway.

IRVING BERLIN

ISRAEL BALINE, or, to you, Irving Berlin, has just celebrated his 55th birthday. Looking back on his rise from a singing waiter in New York's Chinatown to a jazz millionaire, it makes me wonder to what dizzy heights he might still soar. Berlin, self-taught, had a scanty education, and at a very early age was earning his living at Nigger Mike's saloon in Pell Street, New York.

In his spare time he composed his songs, and at 21 sold his first composition for five pounds. His subsequent attempts netted three hundred pounds, and later, when he gave up his saloon work, his work became well known throughout America. Within ten years he joined the ranks of the millionaires.

In 1926 this former singing waiter married the daughter of Clarence Mackay, the multi-millionaire telegraph king.



DARK EYES.

BETTE DAVIS and Anne Sheridan are, I hear, to co-star again. This time the vehicle will be "Dark Eyes," the Broadway hit. Warner Bros. will do the making.

Showtime  
on leave

By "CALL BOY"

## Bertha

I'm Boilerhouse Bertha—the pride of the docks. I'm an eyeful of offal and bone. I stand six-foot-two from me hair to me hocks, And break even at twenty-two stone.

I was born in the fo'c'sle in latitude ten, Me Mother was Barbary Lou; I never saw Dad, but to make Mother mad, I was nursed by two-thirds of the crew.

A lascar once tried to make me his bride, He chased me from truck to the keel; Then he slipped on the deck, and I broke his damned neck With a spoke I had yanked from the wheel.

The bosun one night clambered through the deadlight—I could see by his eye what he meant. I sliced off his ear with a bottle of beer; I was under the age of consent.

I once fought for me honour in Botany Bay With a wharf-rat, a hot spawn of hell; If he'd not used a file I'd have won by a mile, And saved thirty stitches as well.

One day by the hatch, a Chink struck a match On a curve that I lie on to doss. So I twisted his tail with a reef round the rail, And slit his damn' throat—just for joss.

In a dive down in Rio I met a tough trio Of Mexicans, playing strip-poker; Their hands were so good that, do what I could, I walked home in me rings and a choker.

I once took a chance at a local fan-dance, But that ostrich was fed on a diet, When it covered me torso it showed a lot more, so The police had to put down the riot.

A gay bandillero, whose courage was zero, Took me to a bullfight at Vigo. As he took the last bow, the crowd roared for the cow, So I stood up and yelled "Mi amigo."

R. L. G.



## Periscope Page

### WANGLING WORDS—24

1. The letters of the word PUNISHMENT can be rearranged to make NINE THUMPS. Can you rearrange the letters of the words GOLDEN LAND to make an opposite anagram?

2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: BAGATELLE, SYMPOSIUM, CONTEMPORANIOUS, PARABOLA?

3. Can you change PINT into BEER, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: PLUM into PEAR, ROPE into CORD, PIE into ERE.

4. How many four-letter words can you make from the word TRIGONOMETRY? And how many five-letter words?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 23

1. DABCHICK. Is there another?

2. Meticulous.

3. NOTE, COTE, CUTE, CURE, CARE, CASE, CASH, LURE, LORE, LORN, LOON, LOOP, COOP, CROP, CROW, PIG, PEG, PEW, SEW, SOW, HOW, HOG.

MILK, MILE, MICE, RICE, RAGE, RAGE, SAGE, SAGO.

4. Tern, Tine, Cent, Fire, Rite, Rift, Tier, etc. Feint, Refer, Fence, Terce, Inter, etc.

## Dressed to Kill

By  
NIGEL MORLAND

WHEN Fanny Charleston's baby was kidnapped, she created such an uproar in the sedate ears of Scotland Yard that the murder of a wretched under-nurse seemed a minor matter compared with the affront offered to London's social leaders.

The case automatically dragged Mrs. Pym out of bed on the night of the kidnapping, for she was the only Deputy Assistant Commissioner near enough to deal with the irate Fanny Charleston, and she was dour enough to be quite unperturbed by a thousand social leaders.

Mrs. Pym arrived at the vast house in Green Street to find it a pandemonium that revolved round Mrs. Charleston, whose moans and hysterics were out of place in the gentle, rain-washed dawn.

It appeared that Relston, the little under-nurse, must have heard a noise. She had apparently come down to the

nursery, where she had been bludgeoned with a flat-iron.

Nellie Glaister, the head nurse, was a different type. Tall, Scots and handsome, she had been sleeping in her room adjoining the night-nursery when two-year-old Dickie Charleston had been kidnapped. Miss Glaister frankly admitted she had undergone a tiring day and had taken a mild sleeping draught. It explained why she had not been disturbed by whatever sound Relston had heard.

The kidnappers must have known the house. A ladder had been placed against the night-nursery window. Before she began her investigations Mrs. Pym had a brisk interview with Fanny Charleston. The woman alternately raved and offered fortunes for her son's return. The kidnappers had chosen their victim well.

Leaving Shott in the house, Mrs. Pym walked over the lawn behind the house, tread-

### By HERMAN MELVILLE

Our ship was now wholly given up to every species of riot and debauchery. The grossest licentiousness and the most shameful inebriety prevailed, with occasional and but short-lived interruptions, through the whole period of her stay.

It was in the summer of 1842 that we arrived at the islands. Our ship had not been many days in the harbour of Nukuheva before I came to the determination of leaving her. That my reasons for resolving to take this step were numerous and weighty, may be inferred from the fact that I chose rather to risk my fortunes among the savages of the island than to endure another voyage on board the *Dolly*. To use the concise, point-blank phrase of the sailors, I had made up my mind to "run away." Now, as a meaning is generally attached to these two words no way flattering to the individual to whom they are applied, it behoves me, for the sake of my own character, to offer some explanation of my conduct.

When I entered on board the *Dolly*, I signed, as a matter of

course, the ship's articles, thereby voluntarily engaging and legally binding myself to serve in a certain capacity for the period of the voyage; and, special considerations apart, I was of course bound to fulfil the agreement. But in all contracts, if one party fail to perform his share of the compact, is not the other virtually absolved from his liability? Who is there who will not answer in the affirmative?

Having settled the principle, then, let me apply it to the particular case in question. In numberless instances had not only the implied but the specified conditions of the articles been violated on the part of the ship in which I served. The usage on board of her was tyrannical; the sick had been inhumanly neglected; the provisions had been doled out in scanty allowance; and her cruises were unreasonably protracted. The captain was the author of these abuses; it was in vain to think that he would either remedy them, or alter his conduct, which was arbitrary and violent in the extreme. His prompt reply to all complaints and remonstrances was—the butt-end of a hand-spike, so convincingly administered as effectually to silence the aggrieved party.

To whom could we apply for redress? We had left both law and equity on the other side of the Cape; and unfortunately, with a very few exceptions, our crew was composed of a parcel of dastardly and mean-spirited wretches, divided among themselves, and only united in enduring without resistance the unmitigated tyranny of the captain. It would have been mere madness for any two or three of the number, unassisted by the rest, to attempt making a stand against his ill usage. They would only have called down upon themselves the particular vengeance of this "Lord of the Plank," and subjected their shipmates to additional hardships.

But, after all, these things could have been endured awhile, had we entertained the hope of being speedily delivered from them by the due completion of the term of our servitude. But what a dismal prospect awaited us in this quarter! The longevity of Cape Horn whaling voyages is proverbial, frequently extending over a period of four or five years.

Although, as a general case, a ship unlucky in falling in with whales continues to cruise after them until she has barely sufficient provisions remaining to take her home, turning round then quietly and making the best of her way to her friends, yet there are instances when even this natural obstacle to

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



WATERLOO—No. 1 PLATFORM.

But NOT Waterloo, London, of course. It is Waterloo on the Sierra Leone Railway, with the stationmaster on the job and the passengers waiting for the "express" which may come—sometime. The family with the trunks are shifting their home to the next station a few hundred miles farther along the forest edge.

The passengers travel light, even if they are dark, and not everybody wears shoes. For the piccaninny on her big sister's back it is as adventurous as going for the first time to Brighton.

### 3-MINUTE THRILLER

ing delicately on the still wet grass, and reached the night-nursery's vicinity, where she examined the ladder which had been used. She went into the house and scrutinised the stolen child's tumbled cot. Next she looked at Miss Glaister's room and that of the murdered under-nurse.

The next move was to hear Miss Glaister's evidence again, though it was meagre enough. The woman explained how she tucked Dickie Charleston in his bed for the night, prepared for bed herself, and had taken the sleeping draught, knowing nothing more until she heard Relston's death scream. Being dazed on awakening, she could not reach the window before the kidnappers had got away.

Such was Fanny Charleston's influence that she bullied the Commissioner himself out of bed. By the time he arrived, Mrs. Pym had acted swiftly and certainly.

(Solution on Page 3)

### JANE



### ODD CORNER

THE original rent to be paid to the King of Scotland for Foulis Castle by the Munros was a snowball on Midsummer's Day! There is always snow on the mountains, and the rent was paid so regularly that it is now never demanded.

The traditional rents for Crown-owned properties in parts of Cornwall include: 100 shillings and 1lb. of pepper, A grey cloak, Two greyhounds, A pair of gilt spurs, One salmon spear, A pair of white gloves. These rents, which date from Charles I, are now paid only on ceremonial occasions, and were last discharged on the King's visit to Cornwall in 1937.

Sir Christopher Hatton, who gives his name to Hatton Garden, London's famous diamond market, had to pay a yearly rent for his house near Holborn of £10, ten loads of hay, and a rose at midsummer.

A rental of an aroma of lentils was paid annually for Cologne Cathedral for over 400 years.

In October, every year, the City Solicitor of the Corporation of London hands over to the King's Remembrancer six horseshoes, sixty-one nails, a billhook and hatchet, and a bundle of faggots.

These items are the rent for two properties, and the Crown has accepted them since the 13th century!

### QUIZ for today

1. Why do we say, "Sent to Coventry"?

2. What and where are the Chiltern Hundreds?

3. What is a ciccone?

4. Where does mignonette grow as a weed?

5. Who is the present Poet Laureate?

6. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Diet, Dinner, Sole, Sardine, Roast, Gravy, Crackling.

7. What is a "Billingsgate pheasant"?

8. What are (a) The Golden Horn, (b) The Golden Legend, (c) The Golden Bowl?

9. Who invented (a) the gramophone, (b) the telephone?

10. Is a Kumquat something to eat?

11. Who said, "The cry is 'Still they come'?"

12. What is the name of Norway's Parliament?

### Solution to Puzzles in No. 60

Solution: 1. Gin. 2. Drama. 3. Shamle. 4. Stork. 5. One. Centre word is "Diamond."

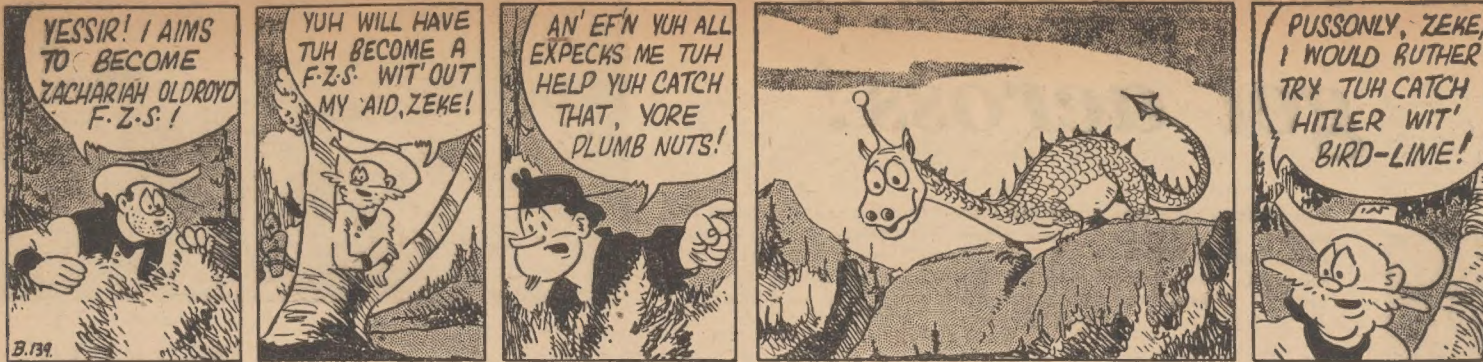
Solution: 1. Poodle. 2. Bulldog. 3. Spaniel. 4. Pointer. 5. Alsatian. 6. Airedale. 7. Greyhound. 8. Pekinese. 9. Retriever.

the further prosecution of the voyage is overcome by headstrong captains, who, bartering the fruits of their hard-earned toils for a new

Continued on Page 3.



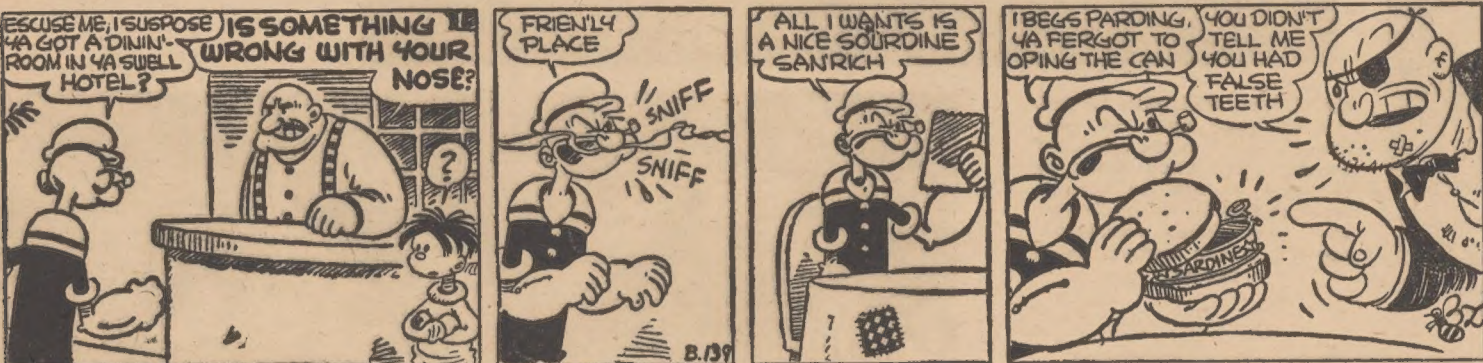
## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



# His thrills march on

By RONALD GARTH.

BRITAIN'S best-selling author to-day is dead, yet his books are selling at the rate of 100,000 a year, and, according to Hollywood, he is still the most successful author of the screen.

His name—Edgar Wallace—is still the only author's name billed with the title of a film in letters larger than those for the stars. It has star value itself. Edgar Wallace is still the "only author who can pull people inside," as a film king puts it.

The world was staggered when Wallace died in Hollywood and it was disclosed that this prolific and amazingly successful writer had left claims on his estate totalling £120,000, with assets nil.

Edgar Wallace

### PAYING THE BILLS.

The personal furnishings of his office had to be sold to pay paltry tradesmen's bills. His wonderful home at Marlow was put up for auction. Even then there was not enough to pay the creditors.

But Wallace's work has earned so much money since his death that all the remaining creditors long since received 20s. in the £, and the posthumous earnings of the fast-working man, who once sold newspapers on a draughty corner of Fleet Street, now average £12,000 a year. A limited company, "Edgar Wallace, Limited," handles the interests of the Wallace family all over the world.

Wallace is one of the few foreign authors who have not been banned in Germany. One of his stories was running as an evening paper serial shortly before the Nazis marched into Paris.

Since his fatal visit to Hollywood, the film rights of more than thirty Wallace books have been sold. None has resulted in less than £1,000. "The Frog," together with the play rights, brought in £4,000. "The Case of the Frightened Lady" amassed £4,500, and £1,500 was paid for the film rights of one of the Sanders stories.

Several Wallace plays have earned big money in the past few years. Every year, in addition, the repertory rights of Wallace plays staged all over the world reap another round £1,000. Amateur dramatic societies still pay three and four guineas a night for the privilege of staging Wallace. And then you hear the "Mr. Reader" stories over the radio and you know that it means still more money.

The irony of this strange success story of a dead genius is that Wallace never made big money till he was in his fifties. As a full-time journalist, he was always hard up. All his earlier books were sold outright for £80 apiece. Though some of the novels subsequently made fortunes, Wallace was little better off.

He had to publish his first book himself. It sold to the extent of 38,000 copies at the time, but the author had spent so much on advertising that he was £1,400 to the bad. Eventually he sold all the rights for £72. It has since brought in thousands. Its title? "The Four Just Men."

# TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

supply of provisions in some of the ports of Chili or Peru, begin the voyage afresh with unabated zeal and perseverance. It is in vain that the owners write urgent letters to him to sail for home, and for their sake to bring back the ship, since it appears he can put nothing in her. Not he. He has registered a vow: he will fill his vessel with good sperm oil, or failing to do so, never again strike Yankee soundings.

Having made up my mind, I proceeded to acquire all the information I could obtain relating to the island and its inhabitants, with a view of shaping my plans of escape accordingly. The result of these inquiries I will now state, in order that the ensuing narrative may be the better understood.

The bay of Nukueva, in which we were then lying, is an expanse of water not unlike in figure the space included within the limits of a horse-shoe. It is, perhaps, nine miles in circumference. You approach it from the sea by a narrow entrance, flanked on either side by

two small twin islets which soar conically to the height of some five hundred feet. From these the shore recedes on both hands, and describes a deep semi-circle.

From the verge of the water the land rises uniformly on all sides, with green and sloping acclivities, until from gently rolling hillsides and moderate elevations it insensibly swells into lofty and majestic heights, whose blue outlines, ranged all around, close in the view. The beautiful aspect of the shore is heightened by deep and romantic glens, which come down to it at almost equal distances, all apparently radiating from a common centre, and the upper extremities of which are lost to the eye beneath the shadow of the mountains. Down each of these little valleys flows a clear stream, here and there assuming the form of a slender cascade, then stealing invisibly along until it bursts upon the sight again in larger and more noisy waterfalls,

and at last demurely wanders along to the sea.

The houses of the natives, constructed of the yellow bamboo, tastefully twisted together in a kind of wickerwork, and thatched with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto, are scattered irregularly along these valleys beneath the shady branches of the cocoa-nut trees.

(Continued to-morrow)

## Answer to Quiz in No. 60

1. The "civilised," talking horses in Gulliver's Travels.
2. Soda.
3. An exaggeration.
4. Rhyming slang for a sovereign.
5. (a) Dickens, (b) Louisa M. Alcott, (c) Mrs. Burnett.
6. Falsely claiming to be married to some particular person.
7. 13: 7 red and 6 white.
8. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."
9. From "fanatic."
10. Irving Berlin, in 1917.
11. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
12. In 1876.

## Solution to 3-minute Thriller

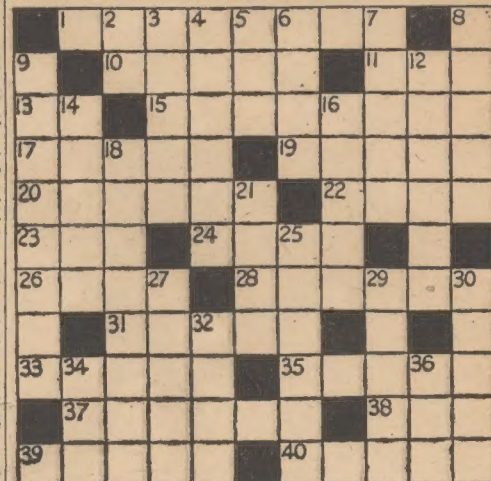
In front of Mrs. Charleston, the Commissioner, and Shott, Mrs. Pym went to the waiting Miss Glaister, pulling back her dressing-gown and ripping at her night-gown.

"As I expected—fully dressed! Glaister's behind it," Mrs. Pym motioned forward Shott to hold the terrified woman. "She'll give us the names of her associates."

"When I saw the ladder, I found it was placed there as a blind. The ladder had not even descended the damp ground, which it would have done under the weight of a grown-up and a baby. Furthermore, I found fresh linen on Glaister's bed, yet there are faint traces of lipstick on the fold at face level. She prepared for bed, yet had on lipstick. No woman would do that unless she was going to get up again."

Glaister admitted the truth of it, adding that she had killed Relston when the under-nurse had entered and seen everything. The accomplices were caught and the baby returned in six hours—a record, even for Mrs. Pym.

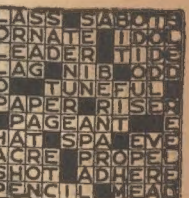
## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Roses.
- 10 Under.
- 11 Drink.
- 13 From.
- 15 Portals.
- 17 Gem.
- 19 Concentrate.
- 20 Wading.
- 22 Depend.
- 23 Murmur.
- 24 Cordage.
- 26 Kaffir warriors.
- 28 Composed.
- 31 Invest.
- 33 Eat greedily.
- 35 Respite.
- 37 Strike out.
- 38 Cloth scrap.
- 39 Yielded.
- 40 Thin and piping.

Solution to Problem in No. 60.



### CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Sailor.
- 3 Welsh girl.
- 4 Jacket.
- 5 Auction item.
- 6 Picture.
- 7 Break hole in.
- 8 Pie.
- 9 Repairing badly.
- 12 Loophole.
- 14 Discussion place.
- 16 Fastened with metal thread.
- 18 Spoilt.
- 21 Not very good.
- 25 Grey alloy.
- 27 Fire on hearth.
- 29 Blue.
- 30 Dirge.
- 32 Performance.
- 34 Poem.
- 36 Low-mannered one.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

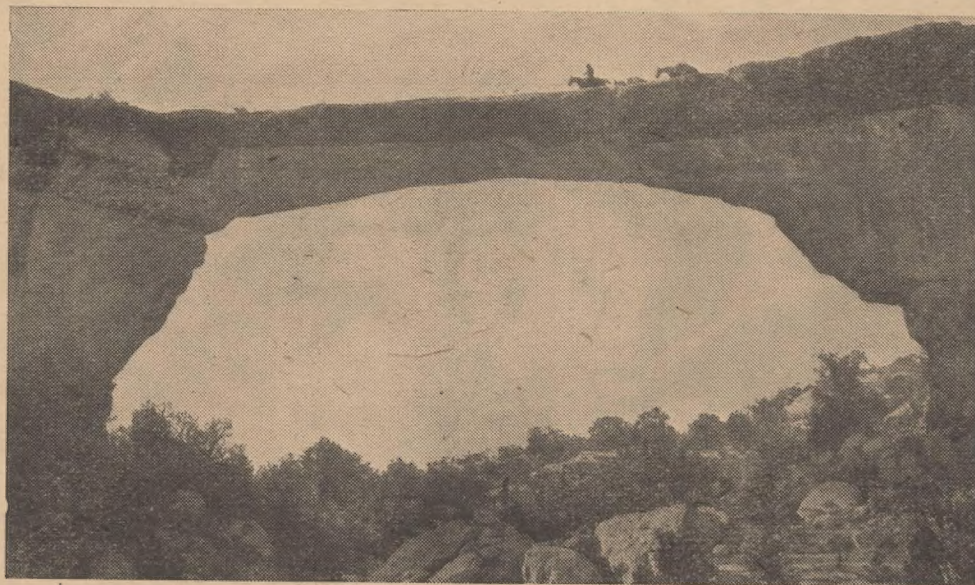
## Man will always get across!

The first bridge was probably a tree trunk thrown across a stream by prehistoric man when he wanted a short cut home and couldn't find a ford. Ever since then people in all parts of the world have been throwing things across rivers. When man comes to an obstacle, he will always get across.

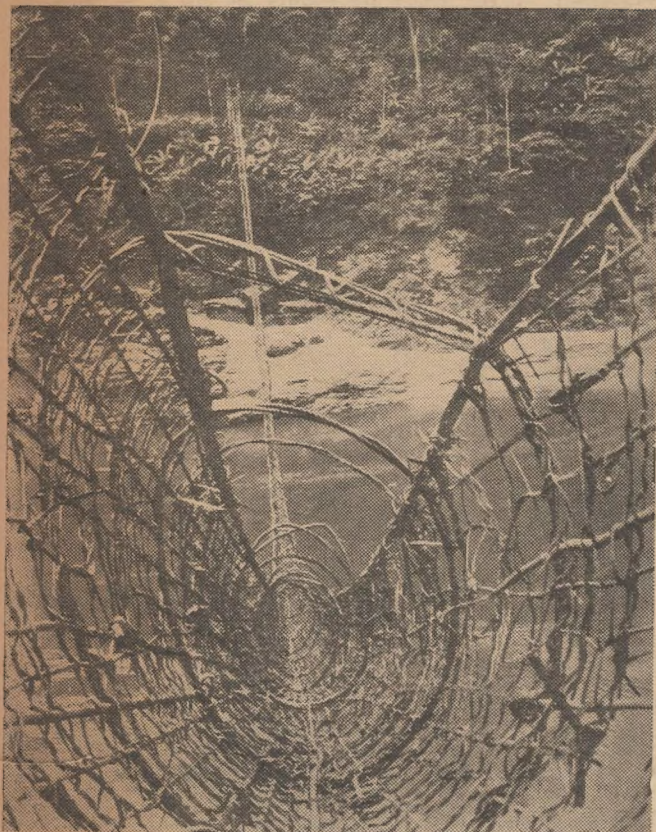


### SWITCHBACK BRIDGE.

The old Turk who built this bridge across the White Drin River in Albania didn't drive a car. They weren't invented. But wouldn't he have enjoyed the giant racer at Blackpool! Maybe the pack-mules get a kick out of it.

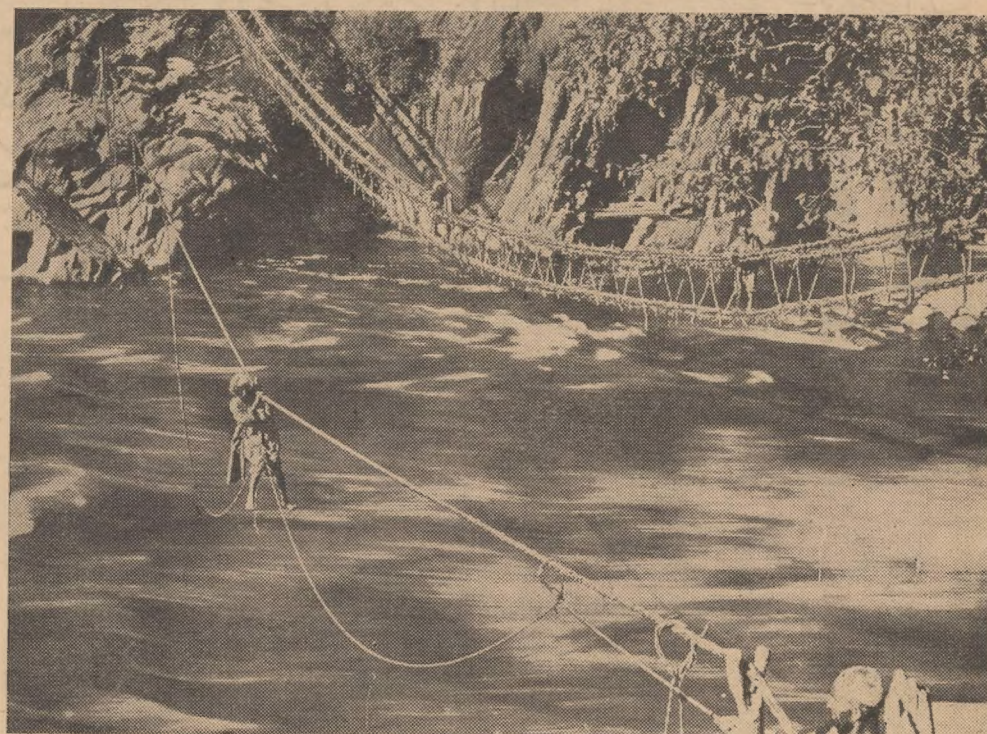


**NATURAL BRIDGE, UTAH.**  
"Keep your eyes on your horse's ears" is the cowboys' motto when they come to this bit of natural bridge-work at Edwin, Utah. People who have fallen overboard say it's a bit bumpy there below.



### TIBETAN NATIVE BRIDGE.

Here is one of them. Looks like a spider's invitation to its next meal. It is the way the Tibetans go when they cross the Dihang River, and they made it all of cane. The down grade is easy, but it's a hell of a long pull up the other side. Seems a good argument for learning to swim.



### INDIAN ROPE BRIDGE.

"Coming over!" yells Mohammed, the bearded Indian tribesman, to his pal (right-hand corner). It has to be a pal, or he might get let down. Mohammed finds the rope trick a quicker way across than the rather safer looking bridge next door. Or perhaps he saves paying toll, this way.



### SCHOOL CHILDREN ON PULLEY.

These braw young Scots have a private bridge to school. It saves them a five-miles walk from their home in Dumfriesshire. And mother is at the end of the rope—so all's well.



### BRIDGE SPAN AT BREST.

Ever heard of Brest? Well, this is one span—about 200 yards long—of a new bridge built there some time before the war. Maybe it's not where it was. We must ask the R.A.F.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"There's a man with some pull in Indian affairs."